INFANCY.

A

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By HUGH DOWNMAN, M. D.

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M DCC LXXVI.

INFANCY.

A

POEM.

BOOK THE THIRD.

AGAIN from buſy care, from thoughts which prey
On the reflecting mind, from the rank walks
Of Men, where Folly dwells, and baſe Deſign,
And Flattery mean, and ſervile Complaiſance,
From the diſſembled Friend whoſe hollow heart
Profeſſing ſervice, aims but to deceive,
I ſeek the Muſe; whoſe charms can ſoftly ſteal
Affliction from itſelf, whoſe power can ſmoothe

The paths of rugged toil, can heal the wound
Of Diſcontent, and calm the throbbing breaſt
Of deep Reſentment. To my theme again
Well-pleaſed I turn, and view the artleſs race
Of Infant Innocence, as yet unwarp'd
By education, blameleſs nature their's,
And paſſions undebauch'd, from envy free,
From guile, and that aſſembled crew of Ills
Produced by commerce with a tainted world.

And ſay wilt Thou (to whom e'er now had flow'd
The grateful verſe, if apprehenſive doubt
Had not ſhrunk fearful from the public eye,
And dreaded leſt thy praiſes ſhould appear
Link'd to our ſlighted numbers.) Say, wilt Thou
Cullen! Illuſtrious Name! Great Ornament
Of this our Iſle! Of piercing eye to trace
The haunts of Error through the winding maze
Of every devious Syſtem! Chief Support
Of thy Edina's Academic fame,
While to thy precepts liſtening, round thee throngs

Ingenuous

Ingenuous Youth from each far-diſtant ſhore,
And bigot Envy droops beneath the ray
Of thy ſuperior luſtre! In whoſe heart
Dwells Candour, Inmate of the truly great,
And modeſt Diffidence. Whom Judgment ſage
By long Experience taught, directs to fix
The bounds of Theory, ne'er own'd a Guide,
But where Obſervance faithfully ſevere
Hath fail'd to pry; yet by her labours ſkill'd,
As with a glance, nicely to ſeparate
What vulgar Minds by ſeeming likeneſs caught,
Abſurdly blend; and deem thy conduct raſh,
Till they behold with wonder Health array
Thoſe cheeks in roſy mantle, which they doom'd
The prey of Death. For Memory to thy eye
Her faireſt, freſheſt tablet ſwift preſents,
And Method gives that readineſs of thought
By them aſcribed to Fancy, but which ſprings
From painful Application. Say wilt Thou
Accept our lays inſcribed to thee? Thou wilt.
For in thy breaſt the ſofter graces dwell,

Nor hath Philoſophy with ſtern controul
Leſſen'd the milder virtues of the Man;
Thine is the breath ſincere of Friendſhip, thine
Compaſſion's unaffected ardour, thine
The Huſband's and the Father's tender love,
And warm Benevolence incircling all.

FROM thy more ſtrict attendance, now thy Child
Is freed O Mother, wean'd from thy embrace.
Yet tho' thy boſom be denied, ſtill watch
With guardian mind, ſtill heed our ſtrains, for thee,
For Him, attuned: ſincere, however elſe
Wanting due ornament; nor haply needs
Important truth the vivid dreſs of words,
The tinſel decorations which the lay
Inferior claims. Nine moons are paſt, twelve more
As we have taught, proceed; ſuch thrifty fare
Is beſt; thy Child's pure nature doth not aſk
Variety of meats. He thrives, He grows,
His cheeks unſullied bloom, his ſoul expands,
Thou ſeeſt his ſmiles, his gay unceaſing voice

Thou

Thou hear'ſt; what would'ſt thou crave? And now
His ſtrength increaſed, his more elaſtic limbs
By conſtant motion exerciſed, his teeth
Given for utility, not ſhew, demand
Food more ſubſtantial. Yet, by every grace
Which doth, or ought t'inform the female breaſt,
By holy temperance, by every nice
Exciting ſenſibility, but chief
By that internal ſting which goads the ſoul
To potent love of Offspring, I conjure,
I charge thee Mother, Friend, with ſtrict regard
Conſult thy Child's unvitiated taſte.
O, as Thou would'ſt th'invenom'd adder ſhun
Renounce their falſe opinion, who miſled
By ignorance misjudging, think whate'er
Delights their groſſer appetites, will pleaſe
Will ſuit the unhabituated lip;
And thus unknowing but with liberal hand
Cheriſh their Babes with poiſon. Wretched Race!
Unconſcious Criminals! Murthering thro' love
The hapleſs Beings they would die to ſave.

By ſocial laws eſtranged from Nature's paths,
We lead an artificial life; and feel
Unnumber'd wants, which indolence begets
On fond imagination. Poliſht high
The cultivated manners yield no doubt
Joys of ſuperior kind; hence ſpeaks the ſtone
At Sculpture's touch, the breathing Canvas lives,
And Poetry and Muſic fire the ſoul.
A thouſand nameleſs elegancies mix
Our jarring minds, and by colliſion ſoft
Vanquiſh their native roughneſs; Modeſt Love
Binds her enchanting Ceſtus; on our ſteps
The Graces wait; our eyes let fall the tear
Of ſacred pity; and Benevolence
Tho' powerleſs to relieve, affords a ſigh.
The chaſter Genius of convivial mirth
Around our table ſmiles, and drives far off
Brutal Ebriety; Profuſion yields
The place to Neatneſs; and th'internal ſenſe
Is Caterer to th'external. Thus upraiſed
By ſlow degrees from Barbariſm obſcure

Man

Man gains his elevation. O, how bleſt,
Could ever-roving Fancy be content!
But always on the wing She ſtrains her flight
In queſt of Novelty. Hence every thread
Fine-ſtretch'd before, muſt ſtill be finer drawn.
Our poliſht manners turn to frivolous;
The ſoul of Art neglected, We behold
The outward ſhew; Unſkill'd to comprehend
The large deſign, on parts minute, on toys,
And ſplendid colourings We doat; reject
The ſtrain emphatic, curious of the phraſe
Uncommon, or ſonorous period round;
And Muſic muſt ſurprize, not charm the heart.
To Elegance ſucceeds the ſpurious Brood
Of ſoft Voluptuouſneſs. Love, holy Love,
The faireſt flower Life's garden e'er can boaſt,
Falls to the ground, and changeful Wantonneſs
Rank particolour'd weed ſprings forth, ſure bane
To every Virtue. Pity dwindles down
To mean Self-love; and ſeeming generous,
We're but the ſlaves of Vanity. We ſeek

We covet the protracted meal, and ſtill
Goad, as it fails, our jaded appetite
With new incentives, Ranſack every clime,
Commerce the boaſted cauſe, for every rare
And ſtimulating condiment, ſpread o'er
Our Northern boards the ſpices of the South,
Adapted to its Habitants, to Us
Noxious, and only fit to gratify
The ſenſe debauch'd which loathes its proper fare.

For by cold gales our muſcles firmly braced
Act with due force: or the ethereal ſtream
Perhaps condens'd, flows ſtronger from the brain,
And gives to every limb its healthful tone.
Not ſo beneath more torrid Heavens, there fail
The vital powers, to mortal languor doom'd,
Unleſs excited by th'internal warmth
Of aliment more active. What to them
Nature commands, to Us She hath forbid.
And tho' no ſudden ill aſſail our frame,
At length the ſtomach, urged beyond its ſtrength

By this prepoſterous diet, fails, the pulſe
Faintly contracts, each nerve decays, Old Age
Steals immaturely on, and o'er the head
Scatters untimely ſnows. The ſofter Sex
Indulging thus, beſides the common lot,
Suffer peculiar accidents, which well
The ſkilful Muſe, if ſo inclined, could ſing.
E'en accidents which thwart the general law,
Nor to their much-deſiring ſouls allow
To claſp a Child, and bear a Mother's name.

But whether Thou beneath the ſordid yoke
Of Luxury wilt not bend, and truly wiſe,
Refined, but not enervate, view'ſt with joy
The plain and frugal table, ſuch as erſt
Angels and Patriarchs ſought: or whether warp'd
By tyrant cuſtom, as we bluſhing own
Many there are in theſe degenerate days,
Women, the worſt of Epicures; remove
Far from thy Children each high-ſeaſon'd diſh,
Each ſauce impregnate with the ſeeds of fire.

Each ſpice, and pungent vegetable, none
Admit, of foreign or of native growth.

SHORT is the time ſtretch'd to its utmoſt date
Of Man's exiſtence; to contract thy own
Intent, yet ſpare thy Child; draw not a veil
O'er the young morn of life: from thee He ſprings,
Would'ſt Thou behold ſo ſoon his ſetting beam?
Plunged in Death's ſable wave e'er thou haſt run
Thy own brief day? Daughter of Faſhion! no.
Tho' all thy relative affections fade
And every ſoft ſenſation droops beneath
The ſickly blaſt of pleaſure, tho' thou flit'ſt
On giddy plume and thoughtleſs through the wilds
Of vanity and folly, we acquit
Thy wandring ſoul of wilful homicide.
Read then th'inſtructive page, and better taught,
Know right from wrong, and practiſe what thou know'ſt.
Should'ſt Thou reject our lays (as who can ſcan
The deeds of mad Caprice?) well-pleaſed we turn
From gay ſaloons, from courts, from haughty wealth,

And midnight riot, to more gentle ſcenes,
Sure of the ſpotleſs heart, and it's applauſe.

HEED well thy Child O Parent; He will teach
Full oft the diet ſuited to his frame.
See with what marks of loathing He at firſt
Rejects the hot and acrid; Inſtinct dwells
Within, a faithful guard; his rapid pulſe
And native warmth by theſe are quickly urged
Beyond their bounds. He reliſhes the bland,
And to thy taſte th'inſipid; theſe controul
Each motion, nor permit his heat to riſe
Above its due degree. Nor leſs He ſhuns
Deſtructive Bacchus; why then will his Sire
By frequent repetition ſtrive t'o'ercome
Nature's diſlike? why, but becauſe Himſelf
Fond of the roſy God, and led aſtray
By reverend prejudice, He wholeſome deems
The fever-ſtirring draught? Nor wants He names
Of high authority, Phyſicians ſage
To ſanctify his creed. But Uſe deſtroys

The end He ſeeks, and if Diſeaſe ſhould claim
The needful aid of wine, perhaps 'twill loſe
Its medicinal power. To every word
Each act attentive, Children imitate
Whate'er they ſee or hear; this principle
Strongly within their little breaſts alive,
Impels them oft to wage a hardy war
E'en gainſt antipathy. Of this beware,
The ſtruggle nicely mark, and point their aim
To proper objects. Nor becauſe You praiſe
The circling glaſs, and they with many a ſip
Conquer averſion, deem that Nature prompts
To what, except more rarely, it abhors.

SAFE is the maxim, rather to indulge
Averſion than Deſire; the one, by Art
Miſled, may urge to danger, but t'abſtain
Will prove at leaſt innocuous. Nor believe
That from ourſelves We judge, and interdict
What our own taſte refuſes. When the frame
Is perfect, when the fibres have acquired

Their utmoſt growth, more ſteady are the laws
Of our corporeal organs, leſs diſturb'd,
To change leſs ſubject. Never would I fly
The friendly intercourſe of ſouls, which wine
In moderate draughts augments. Full well we know
Its power to chear the Wretch who ſtruggling lyes
Stretch'd on the ſickly couch, to lenify
The putrid force of fever, to impel
The languid-circling blood, and cauſe the pulſe
More vigorouſly to beat; to calm the rage
Of phrenzy, and Imagination's tide
Wild-rolling to reſtrain till Reaſon ſmile.
Full well we know its power to raiſe the ſtrength
Of drooping age, and in his torpid limbs
Awake the latent fire. But Childhood needs
No foreign aid to ſtimulate the brain.
Ever with rapid ſpeed from forth that fount
Of heat and motion burſts the nervous ſtream;
Each irritable fibre is full-fraught
Almoſt t'exceſs, nor aſks the leaſt ſupply.
Canſt Thou improve on Nature? She this ſtore

Puts to its proper uſe; this urges on
In due proportion each increaſing tube,
Muſcle, and bone, and ligament. Canſt Thou
Direct her actions? Rather ſhalt Thou find
T'exceed will cauſe defect, thy Child curtail'd
Of his juſt ſize and ſtature, weak, and wan.
And ſhould He ruſh hereafter, madly ruſh
Amid th'intemperate herd, and daily ſeek
The noiſy rout of Comus, how, too late
Wilt Thou repentant mourn thy raſh exploit,
His appetite firſt led aſtray by thee,
His early reliſh of the fervid bowl!

Nice, and perhaps erroneous in their plan,
The younger animals as yielding leſs
Of due nutrition, and digeſted ſlow,
Some diſallow. Unneceſſary care!
The Old more ſwiftly th'inteſtinal tube
Pervade we grant, more acrid is their juice,
Therefore more ſtimulant; their fibres hard,
With labour wrought to chyle. The young are bland,

Compoſed

Compoſed of humours ſuited to the young,
Viſcous, nutritious, ſlower in their courſe.
But as th'abſorbents greedily imbibe
Whate'er is nutritive, by this delay
They drink their fill, and to the ſolids add
The mild tenacious ſubſtance. Yet, not bound
To partial theory, without reſerve
We bid thee take thy choice of all the tribes
Which bounteous Heaven affords, and common uſe
Prepares for food of every age and ſize.
All but the ſtall'd, and cramm'd by filthy ſloth
And gluttony perverted from the ſtate
Of wholeſome nature; ſend the odious maſs
Of nauſeous humours, and of rancid oil
Far from thy board. In ſimpleſt manner dreſt,
Of theſe one daily meal we grant thy child;
But not commixt, his be one diſh alone.
Grudge not with theſe of vegetable ſtore
A plenteous portion, nor permit the bread
To lye untouch'd beſide Him. Thus indulge
His appetite, and let him freely eat

Till hunger be ſufficed. This rule obſerve;
Thoſe animals which wildly range the earth,
Or fluid air, and thoſe of vigorous age
With fleſh of darker grain, experience finds
More alkaleſcent, theſe the freer uſe
Of plants and herbs aceſcent will demand.
The tame, the young, and thoſe of whiter hue
Require them leſs. Heed well what we condemn;
All things which Houſewife art with care preſerves,
Acid, or ſalt, or ſaccharine: all cates
Of unfermented flour compoſed, or thoſe
Of fulſome ſweetneſs, and enrich'd with wine.

These let thy Child avoid. And be his drink
The pureſt element, with which of old
Heroes, and Champions at th'Olympic games
Sated their thirſt, and glorious deeds perform'd
In war, and manly exerciſe; or He
The Heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
Cords were as threads, when fired with holy zeal
He burſt his bonds, and with his ſingle hand

Hew'd

Hew'd down oppoſing armies. Hence each ſpring,
And bubbling fountain, every ſtream which flow'd
Pellucid o'er its pebbled bed, was graced
By wiſe antiquity with hallowed forms,
Pure Nymphs, and gentle Naiads. Well they knew
The virtues of the chryſtal wave, e'er vile
Fermented liquors had inſlaved their taſte,
And thinn'd Mankind. Paſs we th'Atlantic foam,
Where Britain o'er her Alien Sons now claims
Diſputed ſway; a hardy People there
Inhabited, bold, active, in the chace
Unequall'd, patient of fatigue, to Foes
Tho' unrelenting, yet to honour juſt,
True to their plighted faith, to Strangers kind,
Not one of limb deform'd, or trembling nerve
Among them dwelt, and numerous were the tribes.

We did not root them out with ſavage hand,
And bathe their fields in blood, but to their lips
More ſlyly proffer'd the Circean charm.
They drank the poiſon down, and by degrees
Relinquiſh'd their paternal fields to Us.

Rare, ſcatter'd are their clans, ſome quite extinct,
Potent of yore, e'er the deſtroying draught
Was introduced. The Remnant are corrupt,
Perfidious, treacherous; European cups
Have taught them every European vice.
Still flouriſhing perhaps, had they diſdain'd
The ſnare, contented with the ſimple ſtreams
Which iſſue from their rocks. Give then thy Child
The blameleſs fluid, friendly to mankind,
From whence Hygeia fills her ſacred urn,
Nectar of Paradiſe; nor will He gain
Unleſs debauch'd, a liquor to his taſte
More grateful. Nay, would'ſt Thou, if age permit,
And ſtrength unbroken thy example add,
Truſt Me no other beverage will ſo well
Aſſiſt digeſtion, none the ſpirits chear,
Inſpire with calm ſerenity the mind,
And make the night glide by in tranquil ſleep.

But lo! where with Vertumnus comes the Nymph
Preſiding o'er the garden, in her hand
Waves Amalthæa's horn, from whence ſhe pours

Her

Her freſheſt ſtore! She aſks me, why to Her
This long neglect? And bids me ſing her gifts.
Her various fruits, whoſe juices the warm Sun
By ſecret fermentation hath matured
From aqueous, acid, bitter, and auſtere
To rich luxurious flavour. Hither lead
The Childiſh train indulgent, let not fear
In ſcanty meaſure to their taſte impart
The ripe and wholeſome banquet. Still while roll
The ſummer months along, while heat intenſe
Darts through our frame, and ſtimulates our nerves,
Till languor each o'erlabour'd thread ſubdue,
And in each tube the purple current teems
With ſeeds of putrid violence, to them
The ſummer months innocuous roll along,
Innocuous glows the fervid ſky, controul'd
Their baneful influence by Pomona's aid.

For them, unſparing (for We ſcarce can ſet
The limits of reſtriction) pluck thy fruits,
Nature's delicious antidote gainſt all
The hidden venom of the ſultry year,

Mild, cooling, ſaponaceous, nutritive.
For them the bluſhing berry underneath
Its verdant leaf is hid, for them adorns
Penſile its thorny ſhrub, for them depends
The cluſtring Currant from its ſmoother ſtem.
For them is deck'd each tree. The ruddy peach,
The golden apricot, the cherry, boaſt
Of Kentiſh ſoil, the fragrant nectarine,
The plum, green, purple, azure, the moiſt pear,
The apple, theme of the Silurian Bard,
In fulneſs of profuſion grow for them.
Nor would I when by chance more vigorous Suns
Its harſhneſs meliorate, not cull for them
Th'autumnal grape, nor to their lips forbid
The well-rear'd melon, nor th'Anana's rich
And poignant criſpneſs. They are form'd for all,
And all for them. More cautiouſly ſupply
Whate'er by rough or bitter huſk and ſhell
Is circumſcribed, and all the hoard which aſks
The mellowing hand of age. Or thoſe we gain
From climes far-diſtant, e'er they have acquired
Their juſt perfection gather'd; Shaddock crude,

Pomegranate, Orange. Let Heſperia's Sons,
The Antillean Planter, or the Tribes
Of fertile Aſia, gratify their taſte
With all the unearn'd bounty of their ſoil;
Yet is not ours ungrateful, Induſtry
Here crowns our fields, our gardens, and our groves,
With plenty all its own; Pomona ſmiles,
And owns that cultivation oft beſtows
A zeſt, which wilder Nature would deny.

E'ER yet we cloſe the ſtrain, one error more
The Muſe ſhall combat. Tenderneſs will prompt
Whene'er thy Child ſhall aſk thee, to beſtow
The needleſs viand. In his younger days
We bound thee not to rules. But now when o'er
His head four annual ſuns have roll'd, 'tis right
That He be taught ſubmiſſion to the laws
Of ſocial life, which ſtated hours appoints
For action, and repaſt. Nor heed the voice
Of Ignorance, which talks of Exerciſe
And quick digeſtion. Often well we know
'Tis idle wantonneſs, a vicious taſte

Which claims reſtraint. But leſt Thou fear 'tis want,
And real hunger, from the coarſer loaf
Supply his craving; thus thou ſhalt detect,
If feign'd his appetite; if not, 'tis pure
Tho' homely nutriment. His other meals
Yet undirected, both at morn and eve,
Be freſh drawn broths, and milk in various forms
With rice, or other farinaceous grain
Inſpiſſated. We would not ſtint thy Child,
And know his growth requires a conſtant flux
Of plaſtic fluids; nay, 'tis beſt to err,
If err, in quantity; the flexile tubes
Of Children, will perhaps with eaſe tranſpire
What is redundant. But with heed obſerve:
Add thy diſcretion to the Muſe's lore:
And Reaſon, and Experience be thy guides.

Now duly taught by thy maternal care,
O never may He turn his vagrant ſteps
Aſide, to dwell amid the hated tents
Of beſtial luxury! We would not wiſh
A ſtoical indifference, to fly

For ever thoſe delights which ſway mankind,
Th' exhilarating bowl which opes the heart,
And feſtive banquet where preſide the powers
Of Wit and decent Mirth; But may He live,
Born for ſociety, no Hermit ſour,
Or driveling Moraliſt, abſurdly grave,
And ſingularly dull. Temperate by choice,
But not auſterely abſtinent. By Thee
Is the foundation in his primal years
Firm laid, by which He need not ſacrifice
To rigid niceneſs; but with Health his friend,
Will not ſtart back from every little change
Which weaker Habits muſt with caution ſhun,
Or cannot with impunity indulge.
Thine is the work, and Gratitude ſhall then
Repay the debt, the filial debt He owes.
Then ſhalt thou feel, tho' ſtrong th' inſtinctive tye
Of blind affection, what ſublimer joys
Reaſon affords, the generous mutual bond
Thy tender love, his tribute of the ſoul.

THUS far the Muſe Didactic hath aſſay'd
Her purpoſed theme, ſcattering before the ſteps
Of Truth and Science, o'er their toilſome paths
The not unfrequent flower, the ſweets which bloom
On thoſe delicious banks for ever green,
Fed by tranſlucent rills which murmuring ſweep
O'er ſands of gold; where Fancy lovieſt Nymph
Delighted ſtrays, or with the Sylvan Powers
Dryads and Fauns diſporting, joins the dance,
And ſings her wildeſt note; or ſilent ſtands
Her roving eye, her giddy ſtep enthrall'd,
Attentive to Minerva's heavenly voice,
Enamour'd of her wiſdom, and from Her
Receives the potent wand by Judgment form'd,
And waves it o'er her works, which thence remain
Unfading and immortal. Reſt not here
O Virgin, ſtill be Infant Man thy theme;
And what of cloathing, what of exerciſe
He needs, relate: nor his diſeaſes ſcorn
With hand benign to paint, and teach the cure.

THOU

THOU wilt not, if the ſharp inclement air
Of cold neglect freeze not thy vital warmth,
And in the cave of ſolitude faſt bind
Thy wings aſpiring, which ſhall ſhed their plumes
Of varied die, or fold thee ever round
In ſullen Indignation. Rather far
From thee be thoughts like theſe! Stoop not thy ſoul
To fears of vulgar nature; high above
This ſordid earth direct thy piercing eye,
And view where rear'd beyond the gulph of Death
Stands Glory's ſplendid fane, to living Wight
Aye inacceſſible. Still, as of yore
Thou ſought'ſt th'Aſerean or the Mantuan Bard,
Thy viſions ſpread before my raptured ſight,
And ſoothe my ear with thoſe celeſtial ſtrains
Which on Olympus' lofty top reclined
Charm Jove himſelf: while Virtue, Reaſon, Truth,
Humanity, and Love, each ſound applaud,
And bleſs th'unproſtituted lyre. O hail
Ye pure ethereal Bards, who nobly ſtoop'd
To teach Mankind! who round the flowing locks
Of Fancy caſt the ſacred wreathe inwove

By the fair fingers of Utility,
Which ſcorns caprice, and whim, amuſive toys,
And trifles vain, th' unprofitable gawds
Which catch the light and airy mind of Youth,
Or vacant Pleaſure! Hail again ye Bards!
Nor only ye of Greece and Rome, who firſt
Stole from the croud profane my chaſtened thoughts,
And as I gazed upon your page, inſpired
The holy frenzy of ambitious love,
Aiming with ardent, but ſucceſsleſs toil,
To emulate your beauties! Ye too hail
Ye Sons of Britain! Maſters of the ſong!
Thou AKENSIDE, late wept by every Muſe,
Whoſe ſkilful hand unlock'd the ſecret ſource
Of mental pleaſure, founded in the new,
The graceful, and ſublime! Nor blind to worth,
Tho' ſtill upon this wave-worn ſhore it ſtand
Of troublous life, by Envy's blaſts aſſail'd,
Be Thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my verſe,
Thou Parent of the Prophylactic Lay!
Nor MASON, Thou, whoſe poliſht taſte inſtructs
To form the Engliſh Garden, mingling art,

With rural wildneſs, and ſimplicity!
Nor BEATTIE, Friend of Truth, whoſe Gothic harp
As if from magic touch, emits ſuch tones,
That e'en Apollo might his lyre forget,
And wonder at the harmony; while pleaſed,
In Edwin's ripening Genius, we behold
The progreſs of thy own! Hail too ye Friends
Of Nature, and the Muſe, of ſoul refined,
Of judgment unimpair'd, by ſlaviſh Art
Unmanacled, who feeling, dare confeſs
The pleaſure which Ye feel! who mid the ſcenes
Of calm retirement, from the genuine cup
Nectareous, Virtue-crown'd, drink true delight!
While the mad riotous crew at diſtance heard,
Diſturb not your pure ears, nor ought inſpire
But pity and contempt! To you alone
Theſe Bards have ſung, to you alone I ſing.

O LET me mingle with the hallowed Band,
By you exalted! Let me ſcorn with you
The baſe, luxurious, diſſipated Great;

Who to the yoke of every foreign vice
Bow down the neck diſgraceful, and retain
Only the name of Britons. Strangers They
To every wiſh, each thought of nobler kind,
Abſorb'd in ſelfiſh joys, of public good,
Of private virtue, heedleſs. Skill'd to game,
To waſte their trifling hours beneath the ſhade
Of Indolence, to ſteer the fragile bark
O'er the ſmooth wave of Folly. They applaud
What Taſte condemns; their higheſt excellence
To deck with richeſt offerings the vain ſhrine
Of thoſe Muſicians, who diſtort the moſt
The native elegance, and moſt pollute
Each charm of Melody, or thoſe who urge
The human voice divine t'a pitch which well
Madneſs might emulate: While JACKSON's ſtrains
Breathing in every note the ſoul of love,
Of paſſion, feeling, ſenſe, and ſentiment,
Flow unrewarded; ſave that Nature ſtands
Liſtening, and drinks in every thrilling ſound.
Delicious, but unprofitable meed

Of elevated Genius! Fond of ſhew,
Of pompous ſcenes, of barren novelties,
Of tortured incidents, and poor fineſſe
Filch'd from the Gallic, or Italian ſtage,
They reliſh not, while they pretend t'admire
Our Shakeſpeare's matchleſs energy. The voice
Of Wiſdom they deſpiſe; the ſacred lyre
They trample in the duſt; a catch, a glee,
A ſong obſcene, a libel which deſtroys
Some good Man's peace of mind, and blaſts his fame,
Strikes their weak ſouls with rapture. Wedded love
They flout to ſcorn; poſterity with them
Is lighter than a ſhade; a rapid whirl
Of vice fantaſtic hurries on their lives;
And e'en the Flatterer whom they fed, would bluſh
To praiſe their memory. Is this the Race
O Britain, Nurſe ſublime of Heroes old,
Of Patriots, Sages, who thy ſtate have raiſed
To its all-envied height! Is this the Race
Deſtined to guide thy counſels? form thy laws?
Croud thy once-awful Senate? Againſt theſe

Muſt

Muſt Public Spirit idly ſtrain the nerve?
To theſe muſt worth, and modeſt merit yield?
The reptile Spawn of Inſignificance,
Corruption-foſter'd? Then farewell to all
Thy boaſted glories! Stile thyſelf no more
The Queen of Nations; levell'd with the mean
And undiſtinguiſh'd kingdoms of the Earth.
Thou haſt been free! The Æra will arrive;
Thou ſhalt be free no more! O'er folly, vice,
Ariſtocratic faction ſhall uſurp,
Or bold, and enterpriſing Monarchy
With juſtice claim dominion. 'Tis moſt fit.
Amid th'extenſive records of mankind
It ne'er was found that Freedom could ſurvive
Where Honour dwelt not; where with careleſs eye
Or but intent on pleaſure, Luxury ſat
And view'd her chain, unmoved; where love of fame,
Where the keen hopes of future praiſe no more
Awoke the generous deed, the grateful praiſe
Paid by poſterity to liberal ſouls
Who plan the good of ages. Yet at once

Quit not this Iſle O Virtue! In the ſcenes
The lower ſcenes of action linger ſtill.
Far from the plague-ſtruck Capital, inſpire
The honeſt Individual; in his ſoul
Cheriſh the warm affections; let Him feel
The joys of unpolluted Love, and think
His offspring worth his care! ſtill may'ſt Thou walk
On Iſca's banks where through the blooming vale
Its lucid ſtream meanders, and receive
The oriſons which there thy Votaries pour
From hearts unconſcious of deceit, untaught
The falſe refinements of ſuperior Life!

STILL with thy BLACKLOCK may'ſt thou love to dwell
From pride far diſtant, from the tyrant ſway
And noon-tide glare of Vanity, with Him
And his Compatriots! Drop th'expreſſive tear
O'er GREGORY'S tomb, then caſt thy eyes around
And own Thou ne'er beheld'ſt a Land more pure!
A Soil, where manly parts, and ſenſe acute
Spontaneous grow, and every female grace

Adorns with innocence and chaſte reſerve
The Matron's boſom. Spite of Southern pride,
The rancorous lye, or partial ridicule,
Its Sons and Daughters perfect in their kind.
In bravery, virtue, ſtrength of intellect,
In modeſt tenderneſs, domeſtic worth,
Tho' equall'd, ne'er ſurpaſt. Thus may'ſt Thou ſtill
Preſerve a Few from the contagious air
Which Luxury breathes! A Remnant whence to learn
What Britons erſt have been! Preſerve them Heaven!
And when they caſt the page of Flattery by
Let their congenial Hearts theſe ſtrains approve,
And ſay, Theſe Lays are ours, for Us attuned,
And for the ſake of Children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.